(8)

Iſlington-Wells;

OR THE

Threepenny-Academy.

R. Ames.

A POEM.

boards

—Equidem hoc ſtudio bullatis ut mihi nugis,
Pagina turgeſcat.—

Perſeus Sat. 5.

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B

Epiſtle Dedicatory.

TO all Pretty young Girls, *by a late ſawcy Pen,*
Expos'd to an Auction *as Matches for Men,*
Who to Lincolns-Inn-Walks, *and the* Park *make their Pace*
To ſhew their fine Cloaths, *but their much finer* Faces,
And who frequently ('cauſe they can do nothing elſe)
With their Preſence do Honour fam'd Iſlington-Wells.
To all Ladies *whoſe Portions are* Thouſands *a* Piece,
From my Lord's youngeſt Daughter *to* Aldermans Niec
Who go thither as oft as Occaſion requires,
To Cool their young Bloods and Inflame their Deſires.
To all ſorts of Wives (*but moſt chiefly the Young*)
Who each Morning in Cluſters to Iſlington *Throng,*
And Drink VVaters, *as moſt Men the ſtory believe,*
To render their Bodies *more apt to* Conceive;
Tho both Antient *and* Modern *agree in the Matter.*
That a Chopping young Heir *was ne're got by* thin Wate

ut Opinion's *the* Standard *of all things below,*
f she proves but with Child, *let the* Father *gues* How;
For however we banter an Implicit Faith,
Ve are bound to believe what our Bed-fellow *saith.*
To all fine Dressing Beaus *with their sparkish Long* Wigs,
To all brisk Lawyers Clerks, *and pert* City *young* Prigs,
Who having fine Cloaths *must go thither to shew 'em,*
s humbly Presented

T

This following Poem.

Illington=

Islington-Wells:

OR, THE

Threepenny-ACADEMY, &c.

FEv'rish and Hot by Drinking *Claret*,
(And where's the Mortal can forbear it?)
All Pillow-consultations scorning,
I left my Bed by *Six* i'th' Morning;
About which time dull Sots are Snoaring,
And Sparks just rose from private Whoring;
But being Dreſt, I found the Curſe,
Of a hot Head and cooling Purſe,
My *Guineas* ſpent, my *Angels* flown,
And nothing but a Clipt *Half-Crown*,

(Which twinkling lay like Snuff in Socket)
To keep the Devil from my Pocket:
Then think how could a Scene of Pleaſure,
Be Purchas'd with ſo ſmall a Treaſure?
Our Inclinations may be Sparkiſh,
When Pocket at Low-water-mark is;
But having rack'd my *Pia Mater*,
For ſome cheap Mirth by Land or Water,
At laſt could pitch on nothing elſe,
But *Iſlington*'s Renowned *Wells*,
Where twice or thrice a Week moſt duly,
In Months of *May*, *June*, *Auguſt*, *July*,
The *Doctor* and his ſly *Jacall*,
Whom ſome the *'Pothecary* call,
Lawyers, *Divines*, *Civilians*, *Quakers*,
Some *Cuckolds*, but more *Cuckold-Makers*,
Sharpers, *Decoys*, *Trapans* and *Bullies*,
Deſigning *Cracks* and ſneaking *Cullies*,
Fine modiſh *Sparks*, and dreſſing *Beau*'s,
Who Charm the Women with their Cloaths;
Ladies ſome *Chaſt* and others *Common*,
Young, *Old*, and many other *Women*;

The

The *Tradeſman* and his lovely *Spouſe*,
Th' Enamour'd *Youth* and's dear *Queen Blouze*,
Taylors and other Trades which Rack
Invention to Adorn the Back,
Go there to make their Obſervation,
Upon the Dreſſes of the Nation,
Of either Sex whole Droves together,
To ſee and to be ſeen flock thither,
To Drink, and not to *Drink* the *Water*,
And here promiſcouſly they *Chatter*.
'Twas Seaven a Clock when I came thither,
Serene the Air and Calm the Weather,
Which Propheſied a Randezvous,
Of *Coquet Dames* and *Sparkiſh Beau*'s.
As yet no Beauties fill'd the place,
No, not ſo much as Coat with Lace;
But five old *Cits* who walking, Blundred,
And talk'd of Thirty in the Hundred,
What Ships abroad were Bound for home,
And that the *Smyrna Fleet* was come;
How to put off their *Muſty Daughters*,
To Rich young Heirs, and ſuch like Matters,

Which

Which did to me as Grateful prove,
As Cats at Midnight making Love;
So quickly out of Ear-ſhot getting,
As loathing their Inſipid prating,
Planted my ſelf in Arbour Green,
So Shaded that I ſcarce was ſeen:
So long I was not in that poſt Sir,
As one might ſay his *Pater-Noſter*;
But in the Arbour next to me,
I heard loud Noiſe of *Ha, Ha, He,*
And louder yet the ſound redoubles,
From the ſhrill Throats of Female Trebles;
I Peep'd, and did moſt plainly ſee,
Three Ladies Dreſt *Diſhabillee,*
Who had, it ſeems, with other Women,
Been at the Labour of a Seaman-
--s Wife, who in the Pains of Child-birth,
Cry'd out, her Fruit would be an ill-birth,
Unleſs her Husband, firſt (to tell ye,)
Had laid his Hand upon her Belly,
Which done, was brought to Bed as well,
As full Ripe *Philbert* dropt from Shell.

But Lord! to hear their wild Deſcants,
And moſt unheard uncommon Rants,
Would make one Swear that *Ariſtotle*
Would have Improv'd to hear their *Tattle*;
Yet this we muſt not *Baudry* call,
No, no, 'tis *Philoſophical*:
What they Obſcene in us condemn,
Is but meer Natural Talk with them.
But in the midſt of all their Laughing,
I fell unluckily a Coughing,
Which put them into ſuch a *Fright*,
As if they'd ſeen a *Ghoſt* or *Spright*;
Suppoſing there was no one near 'em,
Perceiving I did over hear 'em,
Clapt *Vizors* on, and 'mongſt the *Buſhes*,
Hid both their *Faces* and their *Bluſhes*.
By this time Company Repair,
As thick as to a *Wake* or *Fair*:
No *Broacher* of a *New Religion*,
Nor *Flatnoz'd Quack*, nor *Stage Phyſitian*,
" *Nor* Indian King *unto his Palace*,
" *Nor Knots of Highway-men to th' Gallows*,

More followers have ever known,
Than come to *Wells* of *Iſlington.*
First came an Old Grave *Governant,*
With two *Young Things,* who call'd her *Aunt,*
So Pert, ſo Innocent, and Pretty,
Unpractiz'd in the Tricks o'th' City:
In each of which ſo lovely Creature,
Was ſeen pure unadulterate Nature,
Before ſhe learnt to *Love* by *Rules,*
And make them more *Accompliſh'd Fools.*
Next came a *Beau* bedawb'd with *Lace,*
Conducting in with *Damn'd Grimace,*
A Tawdry *Punk* in fluttering Cloaths,
Whom you muſt *Quality* ſuppoſe;
Then a Young *Sempſtreſs* of th' *Exchange,*
In an *Undreſs* ſo looſe and Strange,
That ſhe was thought by every Man,
To come from *China* or *Japan.*
Two *Sisters* then ſo Dreſt in ſtrictneſs,
That one was but the others Likeneſs.
Next came three *Scarlet-Coat Commanders,*
Newly *Equipt* to go for *Flanders,*

Who

Who had to ſhew their *Active Valours*,
Two Hours before well *Kickt* their *Taylors*,
For giving *Dun* at *Chamber Door*,
For *Cloaths* had of them *Years before*.
A *Doctor* then with twirling Cane,
Well skill'd in each Diſeaſe and Pain,
Which do the *Corps* of Man Aſſail,
From *Crown* of *Head* to *Great-Toe-Nail*,
And can of all the *Plants* tell Stories,
From *Saffron* down to *Stinking Orrice*.
Next him a young ſpruce *City Fop*,
Chief of a *Linnen-Drapers Shop*,
With a *Long-Wig* and *Tilter* on,
To make him look like *Gentleman*;
And he might long for ſuch have paſt,
If he had not himſelf Diſgrac'd,
To ſhew his mighty Wit and Skill in,
Bantring upon a *Ladies Linnen*,
Who quickly Silenc'd the Pert *Fop*,
By telling him 'twas bought at's *Shop*.
Then half a Dozen of the *Fry*,
Who can ſo neatly *Cogg* a *Dye*,

And all the Tricks and *Cuſtoms* know,
Of the *High-fullhams* and the *Low.*
A brace of *Country 'Squires* next enter,
In chaſe of ſome unheard *Adventure,*
Who thinking of themſelves in *Heaven,*
Steal off with *Punks* about Eleven,
VVho in few days the difference Scan,
'Twixt Country *Joan* and City *Nan.*
Of *Women* next an Inundation,
All dreſt by ſtricteſt rules of Faſhion,
VVho think by all their gay *Attire,*
To ſet poor Mortals Hearts on *Fire* ;
But he deſerves to have a *Bib on,*
That's taken with the Charms of *Ribbon,*
Or walk into the whining *Road,*
Out of reſpect to Dreſt *Commode.*
Of *Gentlemen* a num'rous ſtore
With *Tickets,* throng to reach the Door,
Whoſe only *Buſineſs* and whoſe *Trade* is,
Each day to *Complement* the *Ladies,*
VVhich they in words ſo finely can dreſs,
They Can't forbear it to their Laundreſs ;

For

For using vulgar words and Phrases,
Their Mouth most Infinitely Debases,
To say they've Melancholly been,
Is Bar'brous; no, they are *Chagrin.*
To say a Ladies Looks are Well,
Is common; no, *her Air is Belle.*
If any thing Offends, the *Wig*
Is tost, and they'r in such *Fatigue:*
But now the Evidence to sum up,
To such cheap Pleasures most can come up,
And therefore 'twould be strange to *Rob,*
Some topping *Gentry* of the *Mob,*
Of the Diversion ev'ry *Munday,*
To shew clean Linnen worn on *Sunday,*
Especially if they're but Civil,
(We must do Justice to the Devil)
For their ill-shap't unfashion'd Cloaths,
May serve as *Foils* to set off *Beaus;*
So *Blacks* by Ladies standing seen,
Heighten the *Whiteness* of their *Skin.*
And now like *Modern* sort of *Criticks,*
By *Antients* call'd *Peripateticks,*

Walk't ſometimes hither, ſometimes thither,
Conferring learned Notes together;
So here the Ladies keep a pother,
In Cenſuring of one another.
" *Lord! Madam, did you e're behold,*
" Says one, *a Dreſs ſo very Old?*
" *Sure that* Commode *was made, I faith,*
" *In Days of Queen* Elizabeth:
" *Or elſe it was Eſteem'd the Faſhion*
" *At* Charles *the Second's Coronation*;
" *The Lady by her* Manteaus *Forebody,*
" *Sure takes a Pride to Dreſs like no Body,*
When at the very ſelf ſame time
She's taxt by others for the Crime,
Of Dreſſing of her Head ſo High,
As if ſhe would with Steeples Vye,
Or Rival with her *Modiſh Skill,*
The *Monument* on *Fiſhſtreet-Hill*;
Nor can the *Sparks* themſelves eſcape
From Cenſures on their Mein and Shape;
For Cloaths made Faſhionably well,
Not always can the *Fop* conceal:

" *Tho*

" *Tho Nature made Mans Breſt no Windores,*
" *To Publiſh what he does within doors,*
As ſaith Immortal *Hudibras*,
Yet one may plainly ſee an *Aſs*,
Diſcern a *Fool*, or view a *Prig* in
All his accompliſht Modes of *Rigging*.

The Motions of the Wandring *Stars*,
So talkt of by *Aſtrologers*,
Cannot be more Irregular,
Than were the Mortal motions here;
Some to the *Well* advance their pace,
While others in a nameleſs place,
In privacy demurely ſcatter
The kind effects of *Mineral Water*.
Some to the *Raffling-ſhop* advance,
To ſee the ſtrange effects of *Chance*,
And view the *Sparks* with *Spotted-bones*,
Loſe both their *Wits* and *Gold* at once;
Whilſt others at the *Royal-Oak*,
With lift-up Eyes good Luck Invoke.
Much Pleaſure ſure muſt needs be had,
To ſee *Fulls*, *Halfs*, and *Quarters* laid,

To

To see a Town not far from *Dover*,
Butter'd with *Megs* and *Smelts* all over,
It needs must make their Hearts all Merry,
To hear the *Bell* Speak *Canterbury*.
Others who would cheap Pleasures choose,
To *Coffee-house* to Read the *News*
Retire, and there devoutly Prate
Of *Luxemburgh* and *Catinat*,
And talk as briskly of *Commanders*,
Who now are at their Posts in *Flanders*,
As if in Heats and *C*olds and Rains,
They'd past together some *Campaigns*,
When they had never croft the *Seas*,
But in a Map with *Compasses*:
While others of Plebean Fashion,
Who thither came for Recreation;
In Arbours closely shaded o're,
With climbing Shrubs and Sycamore,
In mighty State themselves *Regale*,
With Fly-Plumb-Cakes and Windy Ale.
Incognito I past along,
Through all the *Male* and *Female* throng,

Salute

Saluted by the Fragrancy
Of *Powder de Orange*,
Jeſmine, *Pulvil*, and ſomething elſe,
Us'd to correct ſome worſer ſmells.
Till I arriv'd at Rails which hem in
This famous *Well*, where two Old *Women*
Do kindly give the *Water* Gratis,
(What nothing coſts, at under-rate is)
There cooling of their Brains or Blood,
A Knot of Sparks and Ladies ſtood;
Tho 'tis believ'd upon the Matter,
They better *Coolers* knew than *Water*.
Some *Doctors* too, who gave *Advice*,
(*Moſt wonderful*) without their *Fees*,
Phyſitians being ſtill of courſe,
Our *Bodies* deareſt *Confeſſors*.
The two young *Ladies* too were there,
With their old *Gouty* Overſeer,
Who did more cloſely watch this *Couple*,
Than *Dragon* did the *Golden Apple*:
As in her Hand with half pint Glaſs,
The youngeſt of them Drinking was,

A *Doctor* comes with Humble Grin,
Bending his Hams, and ſtroaking's Chin,
And juſt againſt the *Lady* plac'd,
Demanded *how her VVaters paſt*:
She (bluſhing Innocence) aſham'd
To hear ſo *ſtrange an Action* Nam'd;
Away with more confuſion fled,
Than if ſhe'd ſeen the *Gorgon*'s Head,
And 'tis believ'd will come no more;
So Am'rous *Sparks* upon that ſcore,
Have loſt her *Beauties Influence*,
By one *Old Fool*'s *Impertinence.*
The *Muſick Plays*, and 'tis ſuch *Muſick*,
As quickly will make me or you *Sick*;
Nothing the *Ears* ſo ſorely wounds,
As ill ſcrap't Notes and jarring Sounds;
But they to give the thing a *Grace*,
Had got three *Trebles* and a *Baſe*,
With which (as *Apes* are often ſeen
To imitate the acts of *Men*)
So vainly theſe pretend to Play
Some Leſſons in the *Opera*,

But ſtill with much the ſame Succeſs,
As *Quacks* do when they would expreſs
Their Skill in *Drugs*, like *Learn'd Phyſitian*,
Or *Sign-poſt Painters* copying *Titian*.
'Twas now about the Hour of *Ten*,
Preciſely juſt the Minute when
To *VVells* the *Hackney-Coaches* trot,
As faſt as Waſps to Honey-pot.
One brings a Couple newly Married,
As yet in neithers *Love* Miſcarried,
But *Iſlington* may prove to both
Their Matrimonial *Shibboleth*.
For he perhaps in Gazing round,
Has ſome new *Charming Miſtreſs* found,
Whom he does 'fore his Wife prefer,
So leaving *Spouſe* makes *Love* to her,
While ſhe alone in penſive pace,
Walking along ſo ſtrange a Place,
Is by ſome *Spark of Dreſs and Carriage*,
Seduc'd from Vows of *Holy Marriage*,
Liking his *Modiſh ſoft Careſſes*
Above her Husbands *forc'd Adreſſes*,

And

And ſo contrives that very *Morning*
A Plot for *Poverty* and *Horning*.
Another *Hackney-Coach* does *Rattle*,
Crouded with *Taudry Female Cattle*,
Who thither come in haſt to meet
Some choice He-friend from *Norfolk-ſtreet*,
Thence highly to *Oblige* their *Pockets*,
To go and *Dine* with them at *Lockets*.
Then in a *Coach* as fine as may be,
Comes old Sir *Fumble* and his *Lady*,
With the *Greenſickneſs* thing their *Daughter*,
Who thither comes to *Drink* the *VVater*,
Although 'tis plainly underſtood,
Something would do her much more good.
Then in *Guilt-Coach* with fine Device
Comes in the Spruce Sir *Courtly Nice*,
Who is with *Ladies* all Men know
The very *Pam* at *Lanktraloo*;
A petty Chance to ſome may fall,
*B*ut he's the Knave that Picks up all.
*T*o crown the Mornings Work at laſt,
Come in ſome Men with ſeeming haſt,

Con-

Conducting in with *Dam'd Grimaces*,
Six Women with fine *Wainscot Faces*,
By which it was not hard to guess,
Th'were *French Men* and their *Mistresses*,
Who in all places of Resort,
Appear to make their publick Court:
Our *English Breeding* they condemn,
For we are *Clowns* compar'd with them:
They walk before their *Ladies* bare,
To shew their Rev'rence for the Fair,
Tho 'tis Indecent, some Men have said,
All people Love not smell of *Calves Head*;
Besides so very loud they Prattle,
That Petticoat *Subburbian* Cattle,
Half Drunk at Christnings cannot bray
With half such noise and din as they.
And now the Plot begins to thicken,
For *Sparks* with Inclination stricken,
Make Love to every Face they meet,
And all with like Affection treat.
Each *Lady* is their *Mistress* known,
And every Man their Rival grown;

But did they earneſt Love perſue,
Heaven knows what Bloodſhed might enſue;
That Paſſion is not in their Power,
They'l triffle with't for half an hour,
And very well the *Ladies* know
To what inconſtant *God* they bow,
So treat with *Railery* their Diſcourſe,
And Laugh at all their feign'd *Amours*.
'Twas now about the Hour Eleven,
When the bright *Sun*, who lookt from *Heaven*
Had ſure forgot his former Duty,
And 'gan to *Scorch* the *Ladies Beauty*;
Moſt to avoid his ſawcy Scorching,
To Room deſign'd for *Dancing*, march in,
And ſeat themſelves on ſeveral *Benches*,
(Like *Soldiers* at a *Siege* in *Trenches*)
Expecting when the *Sparks* advance,
To take them out for *Country Dance*;
Each by himſelf with Wonder ſtares,
And none to take a *Lady* dares:
Indians were not ſurpriſed more,
To ſee the *Spaniards* on their Shore;

So

So theſe ſpruce *Prigs* admire the Sight,
*B*ut dare not come to cloſer Fight.
The *Ladies* wondring what the Sight meant,
(As *Women* hate a Diſappointment)
Went from their Seats, and by their Frowns,
Expreſt their Hatred of the *Clowns*.
Six hours thus Idly thrown away,
In what was neither Work nor Play,
(Yet 'tmuſt be own'd the Vanity
Had very much Variety)
Muſing on what I'de ſeen and heard,
My Honeſt Friend *H. N.* appeard,
" *Come leave*, ſays he, *or I'll Condemn ye*,
" *This Noiſy Dreſſing Academy*,
" *This place of empty boyiſh Prattle*,
" *And go with me and crack a Bottle* :
I like't the Motion, and we met
With Glaſs of Rare in *Grace-Church-Street*;
Finding our *Wine* was very good
To chear the Heart and warm the *B*lood,
We ſtaid till Six, and chew'd the *Cud*.

F I N I S.